

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,  
The selfe same Gods that arme the Queene of Troy  
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge  
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,  
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,  
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)  
To quit the bloodie wrongs vpon her foes.

*Enter the sonnes of Andronicus againe.*

*Lucius.* See Lord and father how we haue performd  
Our Romaine rights, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,  
And intrals feede the sacrificing fire,  
VWhose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie,  
Remaineth nought but to interre our brethren,  
And with lowd larums welcome them to Rome.

*Titus.* Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*  
Make this his latest farewell to theyr soules.

*Sound trumpets, and lay the Coffin in the Tombe.*

In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes,  
Romes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,  
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:  
Here lurks no treason, here no enuie swels,  
Here grow no damned drugges, here are no stormes,  
No noyse, but silence and eternall sleepe,  
In peace and honour rest you heere my sonnes.

*Enter Lavinia.*

In peace and honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,  
My noble Lord and Father liue in fame:  
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,  
I render for my brethrens obsequies:  
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy  
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome,  
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,  
Whose fortunes *Romes* best Cittizens applaud.

*Titus.* Kind Rome, that hast thys louingly reserude

The

*of Titus Andronicus.*

The cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,  
*Lavinia* liue, out liue thy Fathers dayes,  
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

*Marcus.* Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,  
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

*Titus.* Thankes gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

*Marcus.* And welcome Nephews from succesful wars,  
You that suruiue, and you that sleepe in fame:  
Faile Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,  
That in your Countries seruice drew your swords,  
But safer triumph is this funerall pompe,  
That hath aspired to *Solons* happines,  
And triumphs ouer chaunce in honors bed.

*Titus Andronicus*, the people of Rome,  
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer beene,  
Send thee by mee their Tribune and their trust,  
This Palliament of white and spotlesse hue,  
And name thee in election for the Empire,  
With these our late deceased Emperours sonnes:  
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,  
And helpe to set a head on headles Rome.

*Titus.* A better head her glorious body fits,  
Than his that shakes for age and feeblenes:  
What should I don this Roabe and trouble you,  
Be chosen with Proclamations to day,  
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,  
And set abroad new busines for you all.  
Rome I haue beene thy souldier fortie yeeres,  
And led my Countries strength succesfully,  
And buried one and twentie valiant sonnes  
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,  
In right and seruice of their noble Countrie:  
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,  
But not a scepter to controule the world,

B.

Vpright